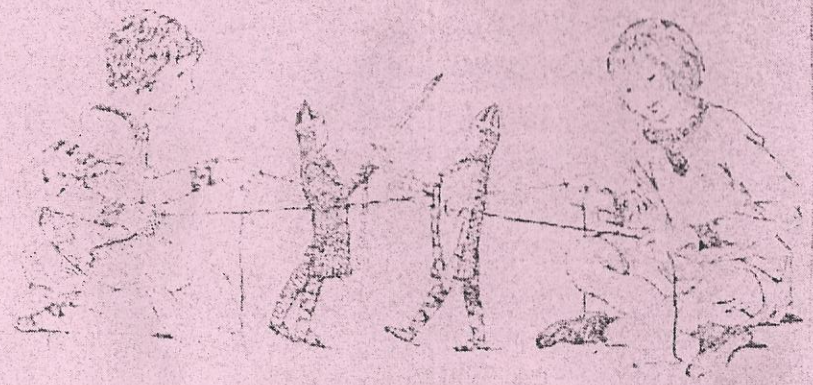


zz..

Stuff in this issue:

-Last meal survey

- Nazi bro comic
- Home is colored gold interview
- Calculator interview
- A tale of inner earth
- Organic portals
- Racist quotes

- Ants comic
- The want to be comic

kyeo speaks

welcome to kyeo's mind.

we mind how we mind when
we mind the mind
of your mind's mind
to mind the time

when minds didn't mind.

is it mother's or
mine to mind our time?

forgetful, listless, in
love with my mind

spiraling deeper into love's abyss,

a mind
obsessed to plague my mind.

a mind over matter matter.

do you mind?

if i smoke?

we asked our friends: **if you were on death row, what would you request for your last meal?**

Kung Pao Tofu/Burrito with Beans, Rice, Pico De Gallo, and Guacamole/3 bags of Skittles/3 Churros/ Thai Tea. - romeo

spaghetti with a grandslam breakfast from denny's. and horchata as a drink. and a glass of strawberry milk as my last drink. - fernando

One of every animal on the endangered species list. I want to leave a big fucking footprint on this planet. - sean

chicken fettucini alfredo, a slice of pizza w/a side of ranch and a rootbeer float. - matt

a shit load of those little square slices of pizza that they used to serve in elementry school... a tall mug of a&w rootbeer... a shit load of beans and eggs so that when my bowels release theyll have an incredible smell to deal with... and for desert a cake with a file in it - Vincent

Stuffed pork chops, philadelphia rolls, and bacon covered in fudge with a WELL-WHIPPED orange bang. Fo realz. - travis

eggplant parmesean, hummus, philly "cheese steak" made with seitan, general tso's tofu, and a burrito. - honeysuckle from Birmingham

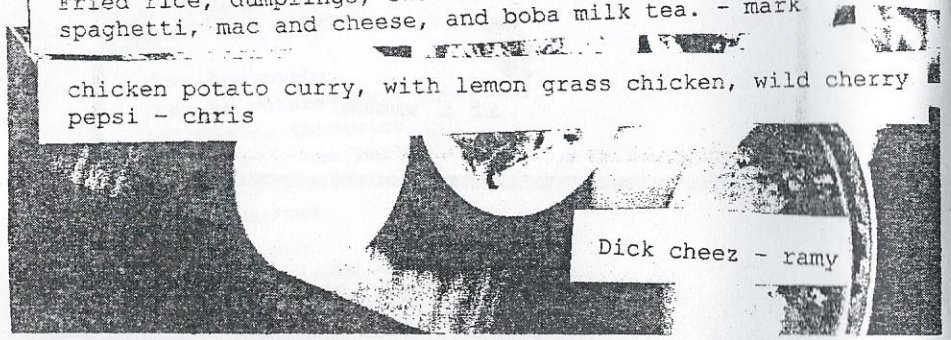
a damn fine breakfast. over medium eggs, hash browns, sausage, avocado on the side, sourdough toast, black coffee, an orange juice, and a water. - clayton

Huge bowl of ramen, 30 double double meals from In N' Out, A LOT of Arizona southern sweet tea - carlos

Spicy chicken sandwich, 4 year old baby, all 31 falvors from baskin robbins - CJ and friends

Fried rice, dumplings, sweet and sour soup, ice cream, spaghetti, mac and cheese, and boba milk tea. - mark

chicken potato curry, with lemon grass chicken, wild cherry pepsi - chris



Dick cheez - ramy

SOME REAL LIFE LAST MEALS

one lobster tail, fried potatoes, a half-pound of fried shrimp, six ounces of fried clams, half a loaf of garlic bread, and 32 ounces of A&W root beer. - allen "tiny" davis

twelve candy bars and some ice cream -dobie gillis williams

A hamburger, hard-boiled eggs, a baked potato, a few cups of coffee, and three shots of whiskey. - gary gilmore

Banana, peach, and garden salad with ranch dressing. - karla faye tucker

Two pepperoni and sausage pizzas, three servings of chocolate ice cream, and fifteen cans of Coca-Cola. - william bonin

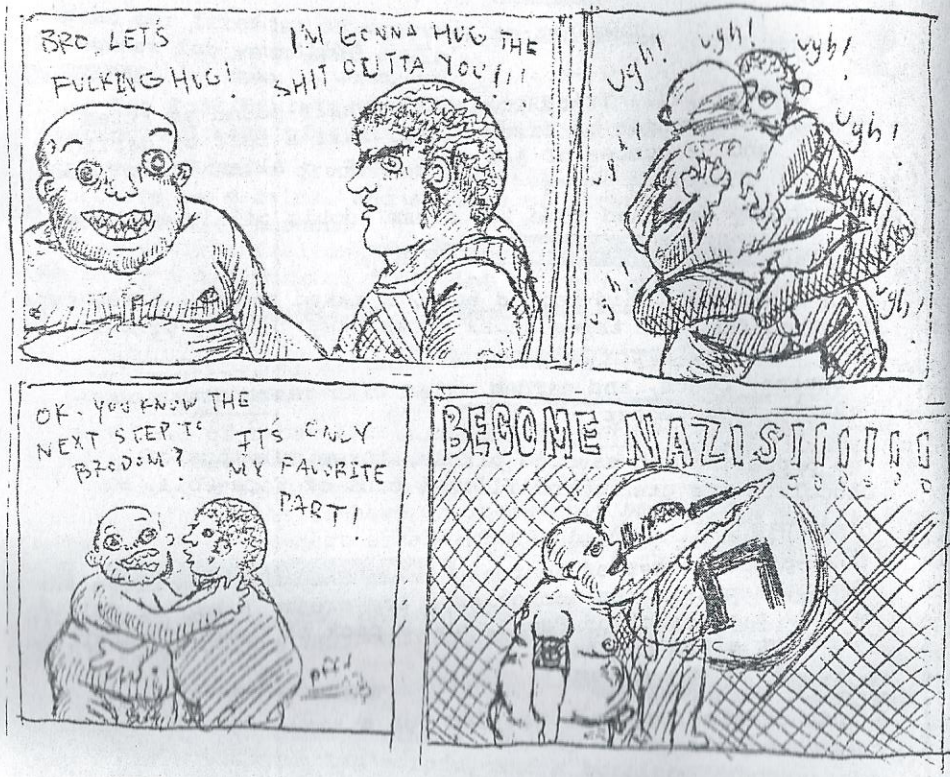
A 21-piece bucket of Kentucky Fried Chicken, two large Domino's pizzas (no anchovies), ice cream, a bag of jelly beans, a six-pack of Pepsi, and a pack of Camel cigarettes. - robert alton harris

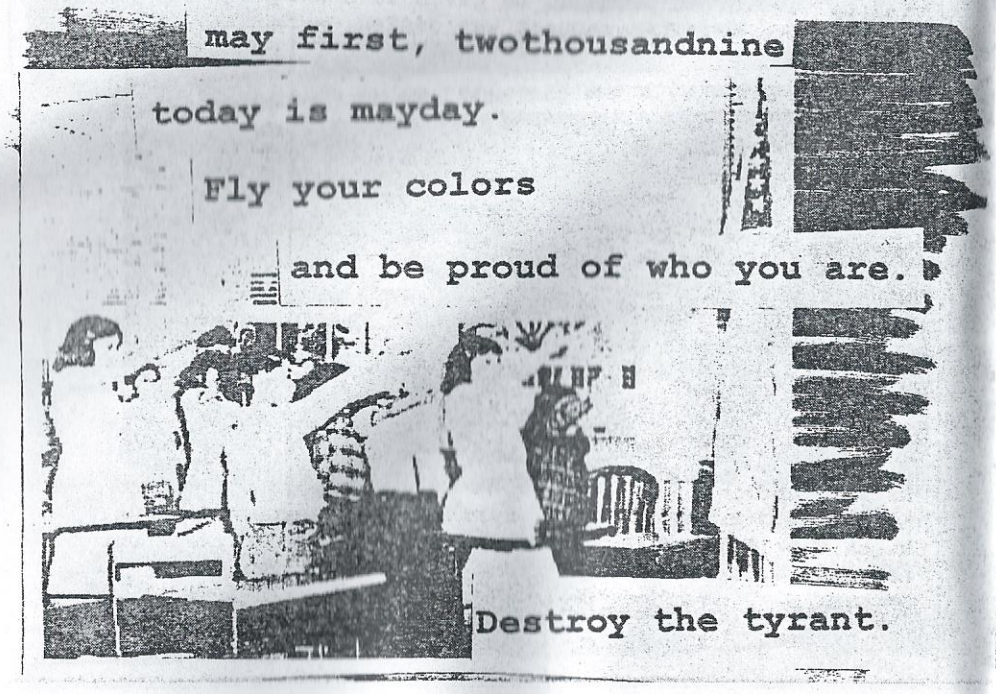
A lump of dirt, denied. Settled for a small cup of yogurt. - james edward

He declined a special meal for himself, but he asked for a large vegetarian pizza to be given to a homeless person in nashville, TN. This request was denied. - phillip workman

A single olive with the pit still in it. - victor feguer

He declined a special meal, but had two cheeseburgers, a steak sub, and two Cokes from the prison canteen, for which he paid $4.20 from his prison account. - desmond keith carter


BRO, LET'S FUCKING HUG!
I'M GONNA HUG THE SHIT OUTTA YOU!!!
Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!
Ugh!
OK. YOU KNOW THE NEXT STEP TO BROOM?
IT'S ONLY MY FAVORITE PART!
BECOME NAZI ZOMBIES



Punk Rock Homophobe

I'm sick and tired of hearing homophobic and xenophobic remarks from punks. I don't give a shit if you were just calling your buddy a "faggot" as a joke. I don't give a shit if you "have nothing against gays." I don't give a shit if you're young and ignorant or old and don't give a shit.

You're fucking stupid.

It's not funny to use divisive, tactless language to degrade an entire population of human beings. When you were some young piece of shit trying to get a rise out of people, it was still fucking stupid. Maybe you are still some young piece of shit, but I expect better out of you. We all should. Maybe I'm naive in thinking so, but I'd like to think what attracted all of us to this lifestyle is the freedom it permits; using language that's rooted in ignorance and restriction of natural sexual want is the complete opposite of what punk means to me.

Our music and our lifestyles were never meant to be polite, safe, or sedentary. We shouldn't be afraid of stepping on toes or spitting in people's faces. This what we do and have done when people tell us what to do and how to act. The vast majority of society today is telling us to be xenophobic; they are telling us to hate minorities and minimize social inequalities by turning people into stereotypes; they are telling us to judge and ostracize, to smile nice while a sharp knife and cruel legislation behind our backs. When you call someone a "fag," "faggot," or "homo;" when you advocate anarchy but vote yes or free of when you say something is "gay" when you mean bad, dumb, boring, shitty; when you get uncomfortable around homosexuals—you're just buying into the veiled homophobia that this country is selling. Fuck off with your Biblical scrounch and disinformation about what is natural. Get informed.

Look, I'm not telling you how to act, what to say, or what to think.

I'm not telling you what punk is or isn't, should or shouldn't be.

I'm calling you out.

Fuck you, self-righteous Christians, picking and choosing what Scripture to laud and what to hide.

Fuck you, bro-mosh ~~punks~~ Jocks, stuck in your grade school attitudes about sexuality.

Fuck you, sexists, bullshitting standards of femininity and masculinity.

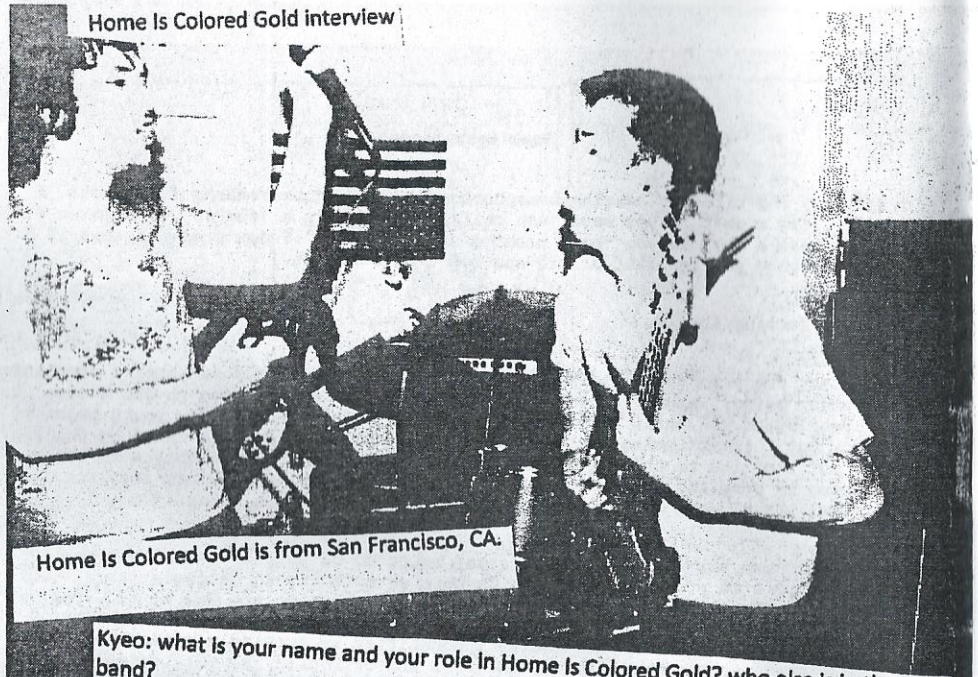
Fuck the entire Mormon Church.

Fuck you, xenophobes.

No homophobia in punk rock.

-Andrew

Home Is Colored Gold interview



Home Is Colored Gold is from San Francisco, CA.

Kyeo: what is your name and your role in Home Is Colored Gold? who else is in the band?
Conrad: I'm Conrad Nichols. I play bass and I yell things. Ryan Johnson plays guitar. Ryan berggren plays drums and also yells things.

Kyeo: how do you describe your band's sound? what are your influences?
Conrad: We've been called "Football Skramz," I'm not sure what that means. I'd call it aggressive punk, bordering hardcore. I don't know why I'm so opposed to referring to us as a hardcore band, I guess I feel like it has a negative connotation sometimes. As far as influences, This Flood Covers The Earth, Mammoth Grinder, Daniel Striped Tiger, Ampere, Comadre, Metallica (ST ANGER ONLY). Berggren likes Fugazi.

Kyeo: how does your band go about writing songs?
Conrad: Well, one of us will come up with a piece or two and we take it from there. I do most of the composing of the songs, Berggren writes a lot of the lyrics. and RJ just plays the hell out of them.

Kyeo: what does "Home Is Colored Gold" mean?
Conrad: It started off a lyric to a song Berggren wrote. Its a kind of ironic statement about how home is always supposed to be a happy, simple place, when in reality it usually isn't.

Kyeo: you guys just put out a new demo this week. i read that you guys record yourselves?
Conrad: Yea, we do. I'm not super proud of the quality of that demo, but the ideas are there. We rushed through the process and we're missing some of our gear. Funny story: We actually recorded the some of the vocals in a car on the way to santa cruz and in davis. We eventually redid them. I have the capabilities to make the next recordings much better. Learn through experience I guess.

Kyeo: you originally didn't play bass in the band right? everyone sort of switched around. why?
Conrad: That's right. I started off playing drums and doing backup vocals. RJ was on bass. And Berggren was on guitar and leads. That was when were more of an aggressive rock band. Then Berggren and I switched. We played our first show like that, then I moved to bass and RJ to guitar. It seems to work best like that. Or not, I don't know. We all write the songs together.

Kyeo: this was my next question: what are your songs about? since you and ryan share vocal duties, how do you both write the lyrics?
Conrad: A lot of our lyrics are about the discomforts of social norms, situations, and relationships - platonic, romantic, all kinds. Just some simple catharsis - they mostly deal with personal experience (or lack thereof). Sometimes one of us will write something and the other will take it, revise it, change it. Or maybe one of us will just write a full song. We're not set on any one way to write songs or lyrics.

Kyeo: what's the most important aspect of being in HICG for you? is it the work ethic of being in a diy punk band, musicianship, experience, etc?
Conrad: For me, music is everything. Being in a band like this is a great outlet for me. I've already had some of the best times of my life, and we are a fairly inexperienced band. The DIY community is amazing to be involved with, I can't imagine having it any other way.I guess to sum it up, I just want to jam.

Kyeo: recently, you guys went on a small winter tour. how did that turn out?
Conrad: Very bittersweet. We met some amazing dudes, from other bands and people just hanging out at the show, and played some very fun shows and very interesting venues - record store, a bar near some rollercoasters (HOLLER* @ COASTERS). We had 5 shows planned, and played 3 before my truck's transmission blew up on the way to LA. We got stuck in a shitty town called Patterson (fuck that place) for 7 hours where they wanted to charge me $5000 to fix the transmission. "Luckily" we were only about 100 miles from home, so my girlfriend picked us up and I had the truck towed home. Even with the shitty circumstances, it was still the most fun I've ever had.

Kyeo: what will HICG be doing in the near/far future?
Conrad: Some BETTER recordings, maybe some split releases (anyone interested??). I'm planning a spring tour, probably about a week or so. Its funny, we can't get on any shows in the bay area, but I can book a tour in places I've never been. I guess no one likes us after they see us live haha

Kyeo: anything else you'd like to add before we say goodbye?
Conrad: Support bands you enjoy. Tell them you enjoy them. They'll appreciate it. Thanks for the interview. BIG UPS TO: MOLDAR, ColorChromatic, Matsuri, O Lucky Man!, Deers!, Sentinel for driving 80+ miles to/from our show, anybody playing music because it is important to them and not because it is cool.
Most importantly: COASTERS

since this interview happened, HICG broke up sometime in march. here is sort of a part 2 interview regarding the demise of HICG.

part 2 happened on 4/29/09.

kyeo: hi conrad. how was your spring tour?

conrad: o hai derr. the tour was great. it was something i've already wanted to do, and i finally got a chance. it was nothing short of amazingly fun.

kyeo: please tell us everything. where did you guys go? how were the shows? what were some of the highlights of the trip?

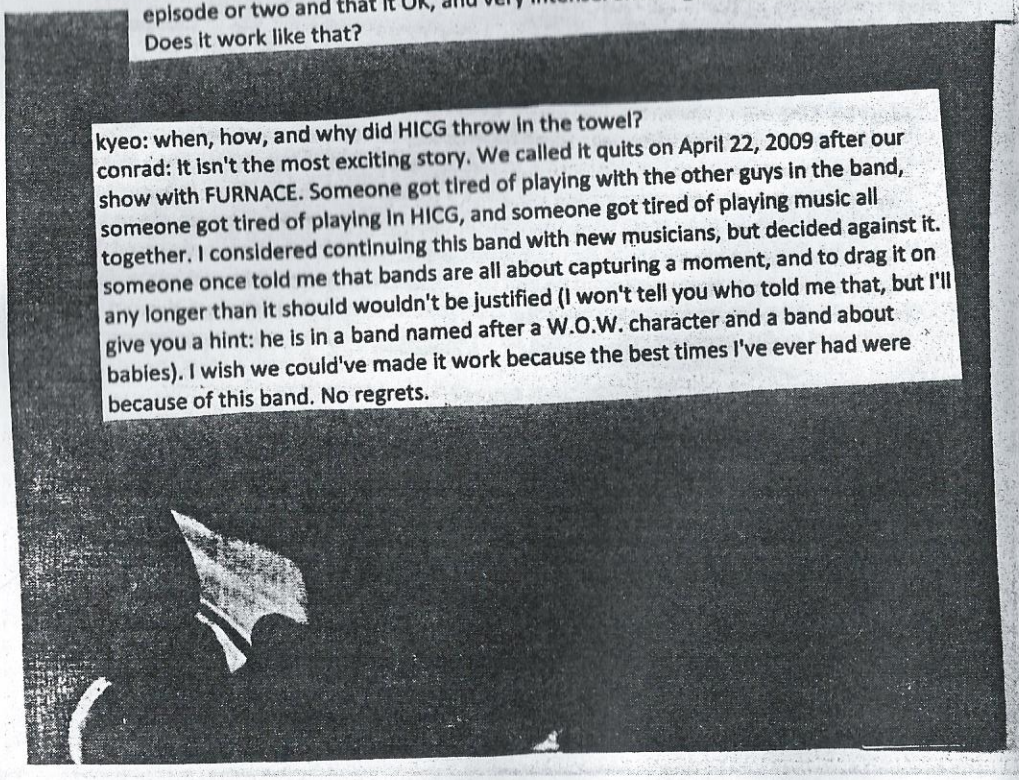
conrad: Well, we hit the road with our best buds in Matsuri. We had 9 shows lined up, in 8 days. We played Palo Alto, Lemon Grove (san diego), San Gabriel, Santa Monica, Marina, Sacramento and Davis (In the same day!), Eureka, and Belmont, respectively. There were really too many good times to even begin to mention, but some of the highlights include: playing with Loma Prieta, Touche Amore (twice!), seeing friends all over the state as well as making new ones, listening to Harry Potter books on tape in the van, losing a drummer for a few shows, and seeing Kyra Sedgewick (that chick from The Closer on TNT) at our Santa Monica show.

kyeo: was she really there? did you talk to her?

conrad: It was really her. I was sitting across from her for awhile and finally ask her if she was Kyra Sedgewick. She said yes, and I told her my dad likes her TV show. She said thanks and asked me if I liked it as well. I told her the truth and said I've only seen an episode or two and that it OK, and very intense. She laughed. I think we're dating now. Does it work like that?

kyeo: when, how, and why did HICG throw in the towel?

conrad: It isn't the most exciting story. We called it quits on April 22, 2009 after our show with FURNACE. Someone got tired of playing with the other guys in the band, someone got tired of playing in HICG, and someone got tired of playing music all together. I considered continuing this band with new musicians, but decided against it. someone once told me that bands are all about capturing a moment, and to drag it on any longer than it should wouldn't be justified (I won't tell you who told me that, but I'll give you a hint: he is in a band named after a W.O.W. character and a band about babies). I wish we could've made it work because the best times I've ever had were because of this band. No regrets.



kyeo: so how do you feel after looking back on what was a big part of your life for the past couple of years? is there a phrase that sums it up or maybe a lesson learned?

conrad: Honestly, I'm still a little saddened by it, still emotional about it. Or maybe it's because I'm listening to Owen... It's a hard to stomach the idea that someone (in this case me) puts their heart into something so important, and another person decides it isn't good enough for them. I know that band break up, it's nothing new, but it still sucks when your main outlet into this world is taken away. Music is a much needed outlet for me, so I don't plan on stopping any time soon. I am still glad I put my all into this band, even if it didn't work out. I got a lot more than I ever expected and I am grateful for all the experiences I had and relationships I've made because of this. It's great.

kyeo: so in retrospect, is there one show or moment in HICG's lifespan that you cherish the most?

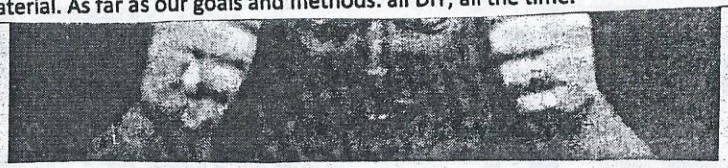
conrad: There is this picture of us at a show we played in Palo Alto, our 3rd show I think. We played for no more than 9 people, but we we're as happy as people can be. We are smiling and laughing and we don't have a care in the world other than playing our mediocre music for anybody that was willing to listen. I miss that.

kyeo: so you started a new band. tell me about john cock.

conrad: John Cota, thanks. Well, when iwastheexplosion broke up I talked to Max about playing drums for HICG. We decided to jam on some screamo style songs I had written and it took off from there. It's pretty basic skramz, with elements of melody and chaos and whatever other adjectives I can throw in there. I have very high hopes for this band. Stay tuned?

kyeo: what plans do you have right now for john cock?

conrad: We are writing more songs right now, and will record them soon for a demo. Also, we need to figure out our bassist situation, we'll see who comes through. We're planning on doing a cassette tape release with either MOLDAR or Matsuri. Either one would be awesome. We actually played our first show at the final HICG show. It was alright. We won't play many shows before we have some more recorded, distributable material. As far as our goals and methods: all DIY, all the time.



kyeo: last words regarding HICG or in general?

conrad: I'm trying to think of something amazing to say since it will be my last time doing anything HICG related. I guess all I can really say is do what you love regardless of what others think. Make your own outlet for this world. Football Skramz Forever.

check out John Cota at www.myspace.com/johnfuckingcota

racist quotes from famous people.

"Tell Yao Ming, 'Ching-chong-yang-wah-ah-soh.'" – shaq

"I believe in white supremacy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility." – john wayne

"[Jewish people] suck . . . they're like leeches." – michael jackson

"Fifty years ago we'd have you upside down with a fucking fork up your ass!" – michael richards to a black heckler

"The black is a better athlete to begin with because he's been bred to be that way." – jimmy "the greek" snyder

"I certainly do not wish to live in a society dominated by blacks, Mexicans, and Orientals. Look at Africa, Mexico, and Asia." – edward abbey

"Immigrants and faggots / They make no sense to me." – axl rose

"Fucking Jews . . . Jews are responsible for all the wars in the world." – mel gibson

RUSH LIMBAUGH GETS HIS OWN SECTION.

1."I mean, let's face it, we didn't have slavery in this country for over 100 years because it was a bad thing. Quite the opposite: slavery built the South. I'm not saying we should bring it back; I'm just saying it had its merits. For one thing, the streets were safer after dark."

2. "Have you ever noticed how all composite pictures of wanted criminals resemble Jesse Jackson?"

3. "You know who deserves a posthumous Medal of Honor? James Earl Ray [the confessed assassin of Martin Luther King]. We miss you, James. Godspeed."

4. "Look, let me put it to you this way: the NFL all too often looks like a game between the Bloods and the Crips without any weapons. There, I said it."

5. "The NAACP should have riot rehearsal. They should get a liquor store and practice robberies."

6. "Take that bone out of your nose and call me back(to an African American female caller)."

"The Negro is indolent and lazy, and spends his money on frivolities, whereas the European is forward-looking, organized and intelligent."- che guevara

"Mexicans are a band of illiterate Indians." - che guevara

"That's some nappy-headed hos there. I'm gonna tell you that now, man, that's some – woo." – don imus referring to the WNBA

"I don't care if she's a Mexican, a whore or whatever. It's not because she's black, it's because we use the word n***** sometimes here. I'm not gonna take a chance ever in life of losing everything I've worked for 30 years because some fucking n***** heard us say n***** and turned us in to the Enquirer magazine." – dog the bounty hunter trying to convince his son, tucker, to break up with his black girlfriend.

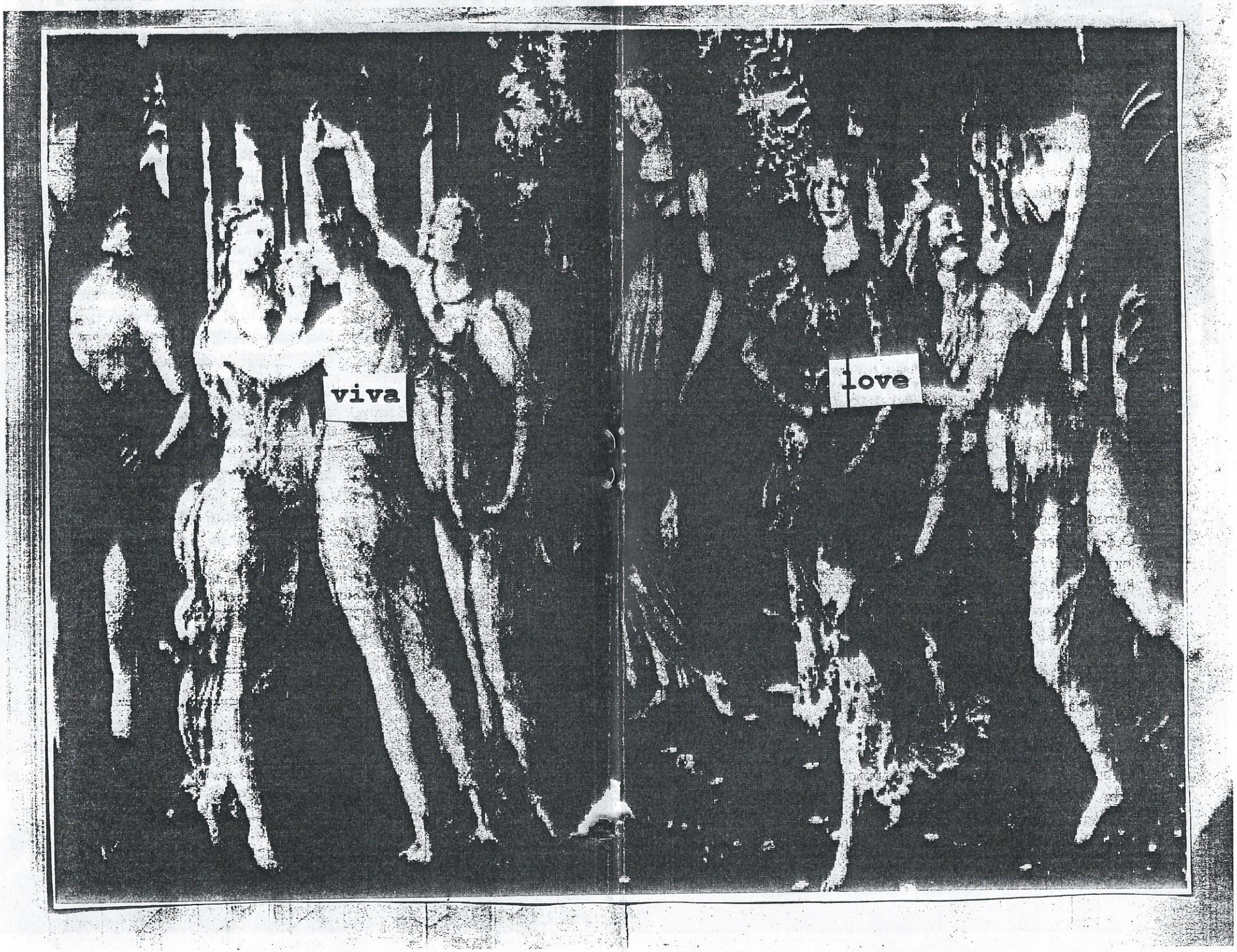
"The fact is that it's news all over the world. That you know, you can imagine in China it's like, 'Ching chong & ching chong. Danny DeVito, ching chong, chong, chong, chong. Drunk. 'The View.' Ching chong " - rosie o' donnell

"Ours is one continued struggle against degradation sought to be inflicted upon us by the European, who desire to degrade us to the level of the raw Kaffir (blacks), whose occupation is hunting and whose sole ambition is to collect a certain number of cattle to buy a wife with, and then pass his life in indolence and nakedness." –gandhi

"I hope you rot in fkin hell. You're a piece of s**t, f**kin liar. & I hope I never f**kin talk to you again you f**kin c**t. You're a coward and a liar and a f**kin n*****. – charlie sheen to his ex-wife, denise richards, who is white.**

"White people are screwed. Especially in my industry, they're screwed. Wh— people are going to be picking cotton for literally like three years." – pauly shore

"I will say then that I am not, nor ever have been in favor of bringing about in anyway the social and political equality of the white and black races - that I am not nor ever have been in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes, nor of qualifying them to hold office, nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say in addition to this that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which I believe will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior, and I as much as any other man am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race. I say upon this occasion I do not perceive that because the white man is to have the superior position the negro should be denied everything." - abraham lincoln


viva
love

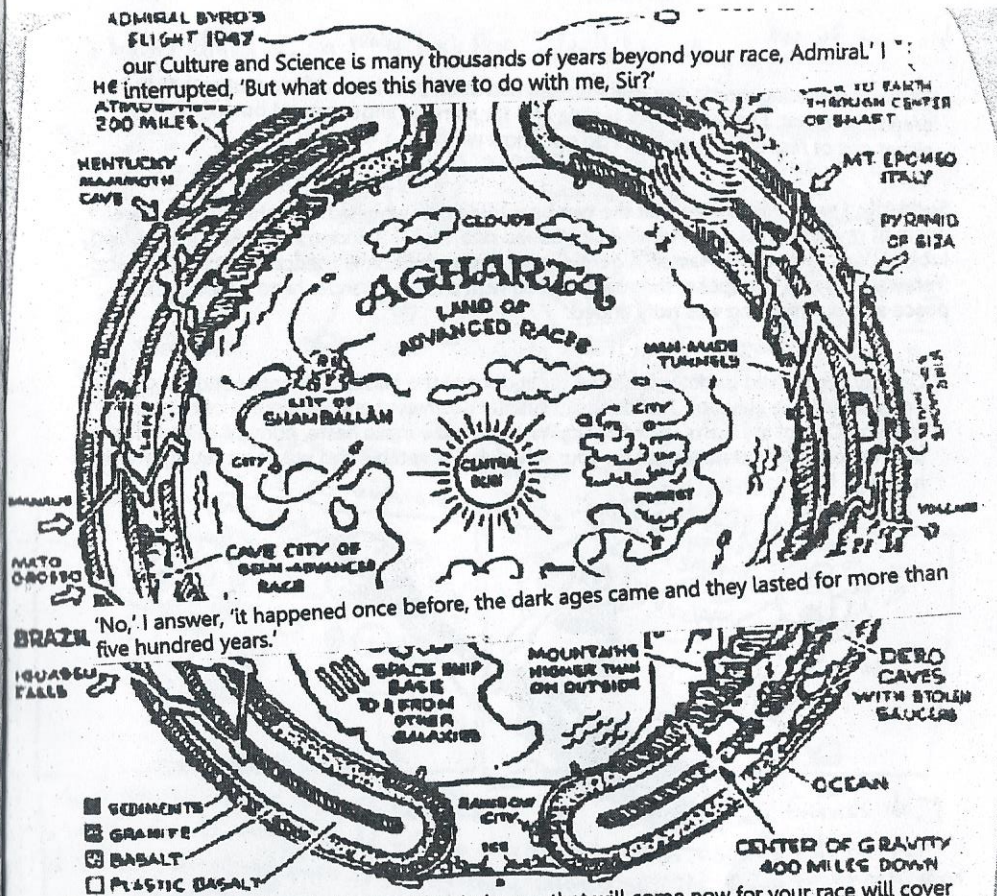
1145 Hours- I am making a hasty last entry in the flight log. Several men are approaching on foot toward our aircraft. They are tall with blond hair. In the distance is a large shimmering city pulsating with rainbow hues of color. I do not know what is going to happen now, but I see no signs of weapons on those approaching. I hear now a voice ordering me by name to open the cargo door. I comply. END LOG.

From this point I write all the following events here from memory. It defies the imagination and would seem all but madness if it had not happened.

The radioman and I are taken from the aircraft and we are re ceived in a most cordial manner. We were then boarded on a small platform-like conveyance with no wheels! It moves us toward the glowing city with great swiftness. As we approach, the city seems to be made of a crystal material. Soon we arrive at a large building that is a type I have never seen before. It appears to be right out of the design board of Frank Lloyd Wright, or perhaps more correctly, out of a Buck Rogers setting!! We are given some type of warm beverage which tasted like nothing I have ever savored before. It is delicious. After about ten minutes, two of our wondrous appearing hosts come to our quarters and announce that I am to accompany them. I have no choice but to comply. I leave my radioman behind and we walk a short dis tance and enter into what seems to be an elevator. We descend downward for some moments, the machine stops, and the door lifts silently upward! We then proceed down a long hallway that is lit by a rose-colored light that seems to be emanating from the very walls themselves! One of the beings motions for us to stop before a great door. Over the door is an inscription that I cannot read. The great door slides noiselessly open and I am beckoned to enter. One of my hosts speaks. 'Have no fear, Admiral, you are to have an audience with the Master...'

I step inside and my eyes adjust to the beautiful coloration that seems to be filling the room completely. Then I begin to see my sur roundings. What greeted my eyes is the most beautiful sight of my entire existence. It is in fact too beautiful and wondrous to describe. It is exquisite and delicate. I do not think there exists a human term that can describe it in any detail with justice! My thoughts are interrupted in a cordial manner by a warm rich voice of melodious quality, 'I bid you welcome to our domain, Admiral.' I see a man with delicate features and with the etching of years upon his face. He is seated at a long table. He motions me to sit down in one of the chairs. After I am seated, he places his fingertips together and smiles. He speaks softly again, and conveys the following.

'We have let you enter here because you are of noble character and well-known on the Surface World, Admiral.' Surface World, I half-gasp under my breath! 'Yes," the Master replies with a smile, 'you are in the domain of the Arianni, the Inner World of the Earth. We shall not long delay your mission, and you will be safely escorted back to the surface and for a distance beyond. But now, Admiral, I shall tell you why you have been summoned here. Our interest rightly begins just after your race exploded the first atomic bombs over Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan. It was at that alarm ing time we sent our flying machines, the "Flugelrads", to your surface world to investigate what your race had done. That is, of course, past history now, my dear Admiral, but I must continue on. You see, we have never interfered before in your race's wars, and barbarity, but now we must, for you have learned to tamper with a certain power that is not for man, namely, that of atomic energy. Our emissaries have already delivered messages to the powers of your world, and yet they do not heed. Now you have been chosen to be witness here that our world does exist. You see,



'No,' I answer, 'it happened once before, the dark ages came and they lasted for more than five hundred years.'

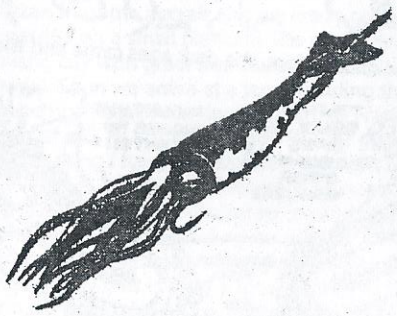
'Yes, my son,' replied the Master, 'the dark ages that will come now for your race will cover the Earth like a pall, but I believe that some of your race will live through the storm, beyond that, I cannot say. We see at a great distance a new world stirring from the ruins of your race, seeking its lost and legendary treasures, and they will be here, my son, safe in our keeping. When that time arrives, we shall come forward again to help revive your culture and your race. Perhaps, by then, you will have learned the futility of war and its strife...and after that time, certain of your culture and science will be returned for your race to begin anew. You, my son, are to return to the Surface World with this message.....'

The Master's eyes seemed to penetrate deeply into my mind, and after studying me for a few moments he replied, 'Your race has now reached the point of no return, for there are those among you who would destroy your very world rather than relinquish their power as they know it...' I nodded, and the Master continued, 'In 1945 and afterward, we tried to contact your race, but our efforts were met with hostility, our Flugelrads were fired upon. Yes, even pursued with malice and animosity by your fighter planes. So, now, I say to you, my son, there is a great storm gathering in your world, a black fury that will not spend itself for many years. There will be no answer in your arms, there will be no safety in your science. It may rage on until every flower of your culture is trampled, and all human things are leveled in vast chaos. Your recent war was only a prelude of what is yet to come for your race. We here see it more clearly with each hour..do you say I am mistaken?'

With these closing words, our meeting seemed at an end. I stood for a moment as in a dream....but, yet, I knew this was reality, and for some strange reason I bowed slightly, either out of respect or humility, I do not know which.

Suddenly, I was again aware that the two beautiful hosts who had brought me here were again at my side. 'This way, Admiral,' motioned one. I turned once more before leaving and looked back toward the Master. A gentle smile was etched on his delicate and ancient face. 'Farewell, my son,' he spoke, then he gestured with a lovely, slender hand a motion of peace and our meeting was truly ended.

Quickly, we walked back through the great door of the Master's chamber and once again entered into the elevator. The door slid silently downward and we were at once going upward. One of my hosts spoke again, 'We must now make haste, Admiral, as the Master desires to delay you no longer on your scheduled timetable and you must return with his message to your race.'



10: The Earth

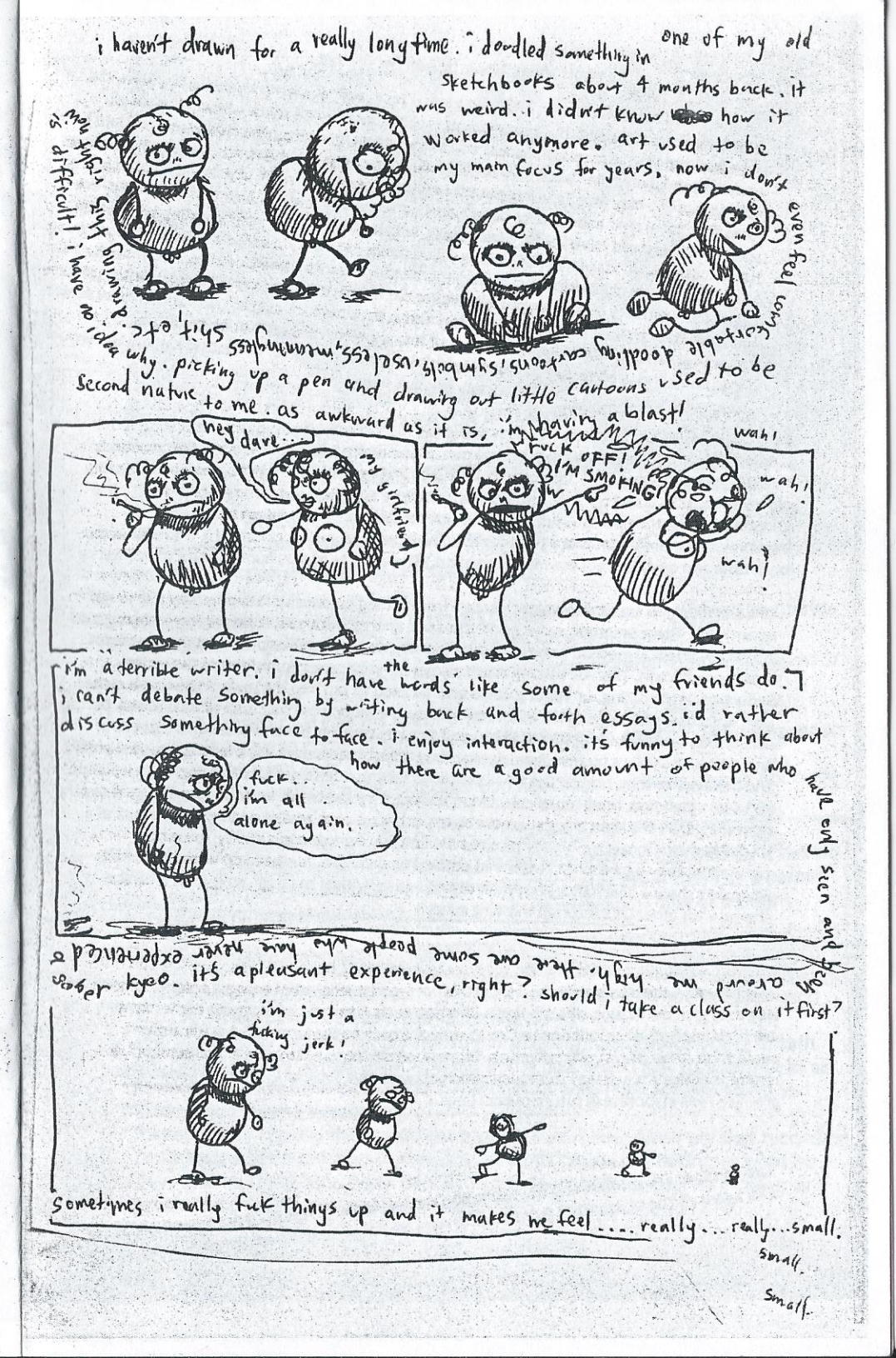
The nature of the earth has been kept from mankind ever since his inception on the planet. He has not realized the most important fact about this body in space, namely that it is a living being with intelligence and emotion just as he is. If man had known the true nature of this great entity on whose surface he resides, he would not have despoiled her beauty or pillaged her riches in the way that he has done.

The structure of the earth is much different from that conceived by geologists. The earth does not have a liquid or semi-liquid core at its center. Instead, the earth possesses a hollow core which extends from the north pole to the south pole. In this core there are people and animals that have lived there for millennia. The inhabitants of the core are different genetically from humans on the surface of the planet, but they do not differ in any other way.

Many of the animals in the core are the same as on the surface, but additional species exist in the core as well. Even species that have become extinct on the surface are preserved in the center.

Located at the geometric center of the earth's mass is a central sun which is very small compared to the external sun, but which derives its energy in the same way. Both suns consist of a mass of primary points which remain unmasked and which give off vast quantities of energy. The peculiarities of the external layers of these two bodies are such that the general drift of the transverse mode positions in the region of the external sun is toward that body, while the general drift of the mode locations in the region of the central sun is away from it.

It is due to this gravitational repulsion inherent in the central sun that the great mass of the earth does not collapse inwardly upon itself and eliminate the central core. The repelling gravitational field emitted by the central sun is also responsible for "pushing" the inhabitants of the central core outwardly toward the walls of the core. In effect, they experience a gravitational "attraction" toward the soil beneath their feet exactly analogous to the gravitational field experienced by humans on the surface.


i haven't drawn for a really long time. i doodled something in one of my old sketchbooks about 4 months back. it was weird. i didn't know how it worked anymore. art used to be my main focus for years, now i don't even feel comfortable doodling cartoons, sketches, nonsense, shit etc. anymore. it's difficult! i have no idea why. picking up a pen and drawing out little cartoons used to be second nature to me. as awkward as it is, i'm having a blast!
hey dare...
my girlfriend
wah!
FUCK OFF! I'M SMOKING!
wah!
wah!
i'm a terrible writer. i don't have the words like some of my friends do. i can't debate something by writing back and forth essays. i'd rather discuss something face to face. i enjoy interaction. it's funny to think about how there are a good amount of people who have only seen and
fuck.. i'm all alone again.
a
sober kyeo. it's a pleasant experience, right? should i take a class on it first?
i'm just a fucking jerk!
sometimes i really fuck things up and it makes me feel.... really... really... small.
small.
small.

There are two races that exist within the human race, adamic man and pre-adamic man. The main difference between these two groups is that adamic man have a spiritually evolved, individualized soul (the consciousness that remains intact between successful incarnations), whereas pre-adamic man's spiritual link with the universe is through a hive mind that he shares with others like him. This "soul" is shared collectively between them. Adamic man have infant souls that grow over a lifetime to be recycled continuously through worlds and re-births. Pre-adamic man instead have "embryonic" souls, which adapt rather than evolve. The thing that these....ORGANIC PORTALS (OP) lack is a true sense of empathy, introspection, and sincerity to take in the moments of beautiful humanity that make life worthwhile. About half of the human population consists of organic portals. Where did these OPs come from? They are the original humans. They are just one link between us and our primate ancestors. Like animals, they evolve collectively and not individually. Because of this, early humans did not have culture or agriculture and used simple stone tools for a long period of time. OPs lack creativity and would not be able to create a cultured society on their own.

We are made up 3 components. The first being the Higher Self, also known as "the spirit", the essence, "I". The second is the mechanical part of you which is the ego. The last component is the body, the collective consciousness of your cells and organs. OPs have both their personality and body-consciousness but lack a spirit. They lack true empathy and compassion because the components that they do have know no morality beyond social conditioning and self-preservation. (there's a lot more I can say about centers and your chakras but it would take too much time and deviate from the matter at hand.) The aspects of true humanity are mimicked by

OPs and energy is being constantly leeched from souled humans to feed a hunger a they will never fulfill. There are many ways an OP can steal energy from you. A simple way is through an automatic physical method were in close proximity, energy can be siphoned from the motor center of a person. This will usually in turn cause exhaustion and/or fatigue in the victim. Seduction, intimidating, or venting could also be used to tap into the lower intellectual center. Lies, fantasies, and begging for attention will cause energy from that area to be drained. During sexual intercourse, an orgasm could be used as a key transfer point of stealing almost all of one's energy. OPs are human chameleons. They adjust themselves according to the soul profile and behavior of their target. The two categories for this adjustment are intellectual calculation and soul emulation. Intellectual calculation is what they use to get close to you. They will say the right things, do the right things, use the right body language, and so on to gain the trust of a souled human. Occasionally their motives are to harass or sabotage and by using this calculation, they figure what buttons to push to weaken you intellectually and emotionally. Since OPs share a hive mind, once their data on an individual has been collected, it can be shared with other OPs through this hive mind.

Intellectual calculation is a method for attacking mundane behavior but soul emulation is the way they give the illusion of soul depth. OPs can leech energy from a target's higher centers and use their intellectual calculations again to reflect it back to the target, giving the victim a perception of his own soul's reflection. This will usually be used to build a "connection". (I realize that there is just way too much information on this topic to even try to summarize. I promise I will elaborate in future publications.)

Questions to ask yourself and friends/family: Am I an Organic Portal???? Am I a psychopath??? Am I an agent of The Matrix?????? A predator??? Am I this? Am I that? What do others think of me?

CALCULATOR INTERVIEW
1/26/08

Kyeo: who are you guys and what are each of your jobs in Calculator?
Jeff: i'm jeff and i sing/yell, sometimes play guitar.
Ramez: Ramez. Bass and sometimes vocals.

Kyeo: who is everyone else in your band?
Jeff: you go, Ramez.
Ramez: besides me and Jeffrey, there is Christopher White who plays the drums, Nik Soelter on guitar, and Christopher Adams on guitar as well.

Kyeo: here's a very vague question: how would you describe your band? (even in non-musical terms)
Jeff: well, I could give you the list of influences but i can tell you this: It is 5 teenagers trying to come to terms with their teenage years. Calculator: the most disorganized band ever.
Ramez: it's like math. it sucks, but once you figure it out it rules. hahah not really, i dunno.

Kyeo: is there a meaning behind the name "Calculator"?
Ramez: seen the movie pi? it has nothing to do with that. i mean initially it has no real meaning but to me it's grown to be not a calculator like a TI83 but a person because everything is calculated. not in numbers necessarily, just in thought.
Jeff: ditto.

Kyeo: you guys just finished recording your new demo. It turned out sounding fucking incredible. what was it like recording it?
Jeff: it was really fun. I distinctly remember thinking "is my voice going to turn out okay?" cause I've had vocal troubles in the past (well I just sucked) but in all honesty my voice and vocal tracks turned out so well. I can actually stand to listen to my voice on recording.
Ramez: It was actually the smoothest process ever. I hear some say that recording really tests a band but it was great. Alex at earth capital is amazing at what he does and we thank him. If any bands need to record hit him up, he's cheap and great. I second Jeff, the vocals are awesome.

Kyeo: and you guys named it "arguments" because...?
Ramez: haha. we have them a lot accompanied by Chinese food from Szechwan Palace.
Jeff: yea two things calculator is good at is arguing and ordering Chinese food.
Ramez: but also nothing changes without an argument or a different opinion; Clashing opinions create change.

Kyeo: is there a certain message in your lyrics or goal for calculator?
Ramez: all the songs have their own little meaning but there mostly about growing up and moving on. Transitions, beginnings, and endings.
Jeff: in society, I'm only able to take responsibility for myself, I can try to effect those around me, but ultimately I am the catalyst of change. I mean I can go through a specific song by song break-down, but in the end every song, like Ramez just said is about growing up and taking your own responsibility.

Kyeo: tell me about the shows that go on in Westchester. Are things happening in your town?
Ramez: sad to say that we missed the happenings in our town. We pretty much set up all the shows in Westchester (we being us and Ramy). There use to be a good scene around here, but we hope to revive it someday.
Jeff: as I see it, Westchester is a suburban ultra paradise (for those who desire suburbia). All of the added bonuses go along with growing up here (republicanism, small town atmosphere, and boredom). Band wise there isn't anything Westchesterian. No definitive scene, nothing. Everyone enjoys smoking pot and drinking a little too much. Not that those are a bad use of your time just not conducive to rock 'n roll.

Kyeo: why did you guys start switching roles? Ramez, sometimes you'll sing and Jeff will play guitar.
Jeff: haha well one great blessing, for lack of a better word, is that all of us can play pretty much every instrument. Ramez expressed an interest in singing so I said fuck it, he can sing a song. The result is one of our best songs yet (friendslikepaddles). that makes it sound like I'm a rock star. Basically, Ramez wanted to sing i wanted to play guitar. we aren't AC/DC so that's possible.
Ramez: pretty much. I wanted to sing and Jeff wanted to play guitar, so we figured it out and did it. We forced Nik to play bass.

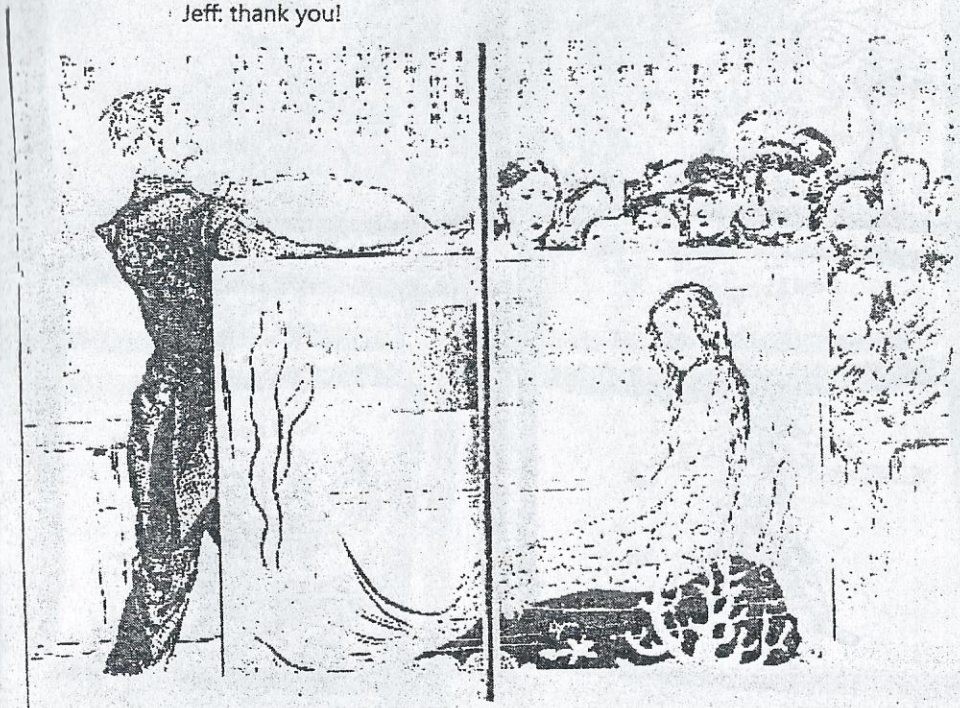
Kyeo: which show do you feel was your best? which was your worst?
Ramez: well to me there is a tie. one summer night we had a house show in Westchester and it got shut down before us and Ramy's old band could play so we devised a plan. we moved the show to my garage because my parents were out of a town. So all these sweaty bodies packed into my garage and we played one of the most fun shows to date. Second I had alot of fun at our recent show with our favorite doods from MOLDAR and ColorChromatic. beer all over X's on our hands and love in the air. Worst was probably in the cold by a pool. I had fun but we weren't baby tight. it was a last minute show because we were scheduled for a show at MotionLA but it got cancelled.... so we moved it to some girl's house. Yeah I guess it wasn't too bad but I'd say our worst.
Jeff: well the best show we ever played was almost a year ago, like our sixth show. it was at a church and my god, I don't think we played exceptionally well, it just was the first time I was able to experience some one singing my lyrics back at my face (which really is a special feeling). Kids were going crazy too. i don't think we have had a "worst" show. we've had bad ones but nothing that has been AWFUL.

Kyeo: what are some of your favorite bands in southern california right now?
Ramez: MOLDAR, ColorChromatic, letlive, Touche Amore, Obi Juan Kenobi.
Jeff: MOLDAR, ColorChromatic, letlive, Touche Amore, Ghostlimb, I'm gonna cheat and say Comadre, Dangers. we have like the same answers.
Ramez: Underground Railroad To Candyland is also really awesome.

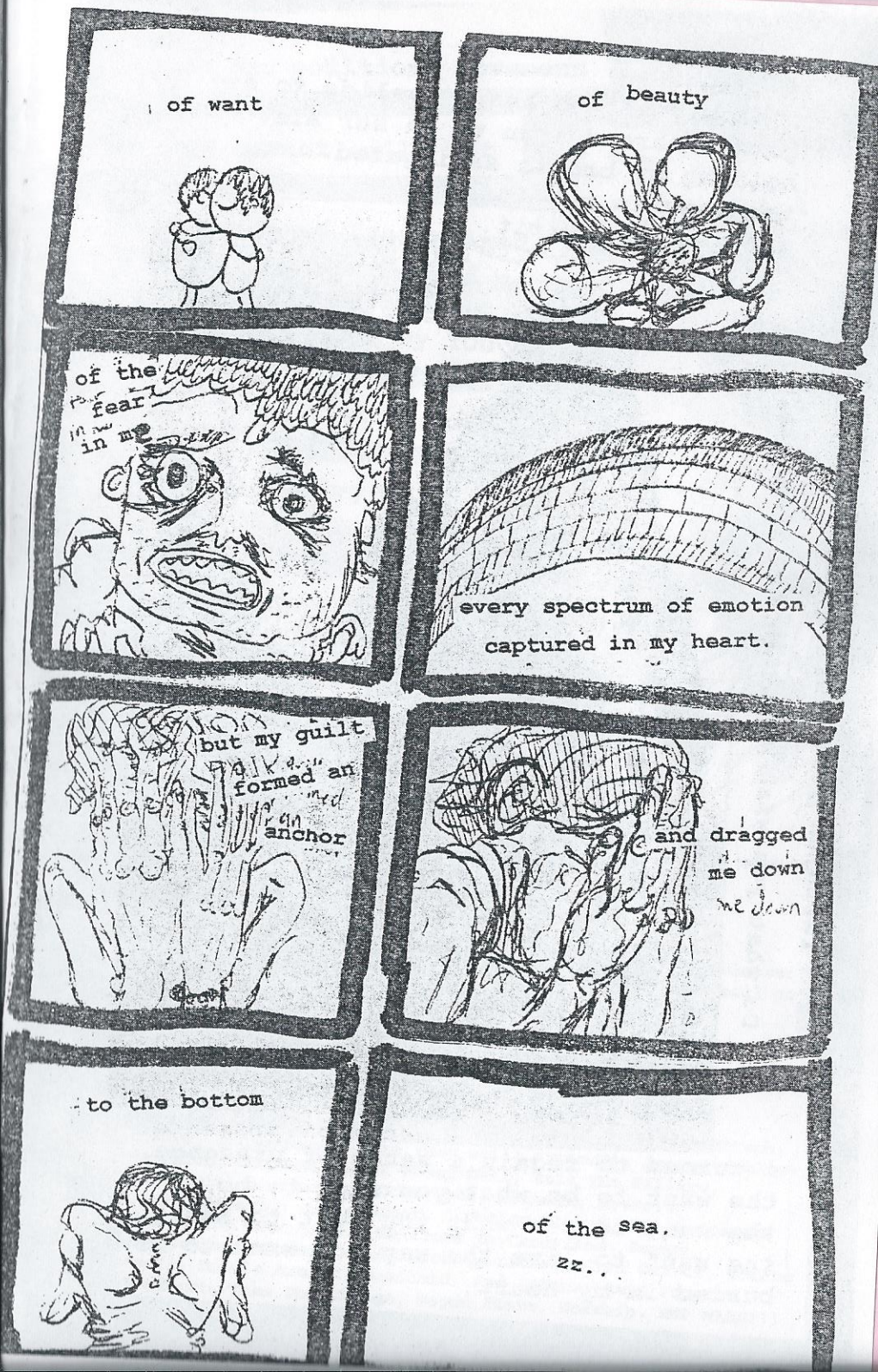
Kyeo: what does Calculator have in store for us in the future? What are your plans?
Ramez: tour. hopefully a tour video. 7in. lots of shows. t-shirts. love and nakedness
Jeff: tour (hopefully), another e.p, a 7", splits for the willing. and nudity. I like that.

Kyeo: any last words?
Ramez: it's coming to an end (the interview not calculator). Listen to MOLDAR, ColorChromatic, and letlive. Come to the shows and keep the scene alive. We love you even if you hate us. oh and a cover is coming soon and many new songs (sooner than you think.
Jeff: ay check our e.p arguments, that shit is hot, flying off the shelves and even though the economy sucks, BUY IT. Thank you mark, listen to these bands: MOLDAR, ColorChromatic, letlive, Comadre, Refused, Hot Water Music, and the Jonas Brothers. To republican rhetoric, buying our e.p guarantees more jobs.
Ramez: NOT. We employ 0 people. D.I.Y. or DIE

Kyeo: thank you!
Ramez: thank you!
Jeff: thank you!



the want to be...



i slowly lifted heavy eyelids to see
golden thread spun up in her air.
holding my breath as i gazed...
the want in my mind.
the want in spirit.

i turned to regain a sense of presence.
the want to be what you want to be,
the want to see what you want to see,
the want to live the way you want to love,
buried in my heart.

Have faith in your beliefs and abilities.

Do what you wish and wish for the best.

diy is our political movement

that cannot, will not ever be

silenced, restrained, SUPRESSED!!!!

by YOU!!!!

you are a sickness, a plague,

a damning of the soul

and it's coming to an end.

this is your end.

kyeo speaks

This is our first printed issue of our zine under the name of "kyeo speaks".

Thank you for reading.

If you would like to be added to the "kyeo speaks newsletter" mailing list, please contact us by either sending us mail or emailing us. moldarband@gmail.com

poo haus 8318 hermosa drive san gabriel, CA 91775

bands to check out:

Calculator, Badmouth, Obi Juan Kanobi, Burn Idols, Offtrack, MOLDAR, Bottomfeeder (are they still around?), Amongst Wolves, Civilian, Comadre, Black Sheep Wall, Salt The Pillars, Gnarwhale, Restrained, John Cota, Matsuri, Deers!, ColorChromatic, Joyce Manor, A Nation Sleeps, Black Sparrow Press, The Underground Railroad To Candyland, Seven Generations, Wunami, ghostfuckingstories, Graf Orlock, Touche Amore, Baby's Breath, Deadhead, Bad Lovers, Wait For The Blackout, Time For Change, Rogue State, Worship, AND MARE!!!